

UPON THE EXECUTION

Of the Late
Viscount STAFFORD.

I.
Shall every Jack and every Jill,
That rides in State up *Holborn* Hill
By aid of *Smithfield* Rhymes defie
The Malice of Mortality?

And shall Lord *Stafford* dye forgot?
He that would needs be such a Sot,
To dye for love of a damn'd Plot?
No, *Viscount*, no; beleive it not,

II.
Diana's Temple, all in flame,
Advanc'd th' Incendiaries Name;
Ruffians, and *Bauds*, and *Whores*, and *Theives*,
In Ballad Records live new lives,
And shall a Lord because a Traytor,
In such an Age so given to flatter,
Want that which others, Saints to him,
Nere want to fame them. Words and Rhime.

III.
Oh Sir, the *Papishes*, you know
Have much more gratitude then so;
For this same Lord that brake the Laws
Of God and Man, to serve their Cause,
Shall live in Prayers, and Almanacks
Beyond what Ballad-Monger make;
And some years hence, you'll see, shall work
Such Miracles, would turn a *Turk*.

IV.
Blest is that Man that has a Box
To save the Sawdust in, that sokes
His tainted Blood, or can besmeare
One corner of his Muckinder;
Oh! then, some Ages hence they'll cry
Lo, *Stafford's* blood, and shed for why?
For, notihngbut because he sought
To kill his Prince, and sham the Plot.

V.
Now they that dye for crimes like these,
The *Papists* send to Heaven with ease.
For they secure 'em safe from Hell,
Which once beleiv'd, the rest is well.
A strange beleif, that Men should think
That were not drunk with worse then
That such Rewards as Deifying, (Drink;
By Treason should begain'd and Lying!

VI.
The Man that for Religion dyes
Has nothing more before his Eyes,
But he that dyes a Criminal
Dyes with a load, and none can call
Religion that which makes him dream
Obduracy can hide his shame.

VII.
The Pope may do what he conjectures
As to the business of his Pictures,
The Colours nere can hide the Crimes,
Stories will read to after Times.
And twill be found 'the Hangmans hands,
Will strangely blur the Pope's commands.

VIII.
Had he but shewed some *Christmas* Gambles,
And Headless took St *Denis* Rambles,
The Plot had been a damnable thing,
And down had gon the Scaffolding,

But cause his Lordship this forgot,
Men still beleive there is a Plot.

IX.
Where was St. *Dominic*, a sleep?
Where did St *Frank*, his Kennel keep?
That on a business so emergent,
They did not briskly te'ze the Virgin?
To let his Lordship play a Prank
Her Grace becoming, and his Rank?

X.
But they that Heaven and Earth command,
You see sometimes they'r at a stand;
For rru'h to tell ye, should the Saints,
Be bound to hear all fool's complaints;
Their lives would be as voyd of mirth
In Heaven, as formerly on Earth.

XI.
Now Ballad-wise before he's dead,
To tell ye what the Sufferer said;
He both defended, and gain-said,
Held up his hands and cry'd and pray'd
And swore he nere was in the Plot,
No, by his Vicountship, God wot.

XII.
Come come, Sir, had it not been better
To have dy'd to death common debter?
And that upon your lasting Stone,
This Character had been alone?
Here lyes a very Honest Lord,
True to his King, true to his word.

XIII.
But those, of your Religion,
Are now a days so damn'd high flown,
You think that nothing makes a Saint
But Plot refin'd, and Treason Quaint;
And Heaven accepts no Offerings,
But ruin'd Kingdoms, murdered Kings.

XIV.
Now you that knew who were his Judges,
Who found him Guilty without grudges,
Who gave him over to the Block,
And how he sham'd to save the stroak,
If you beleive the speech he made ye,
L'strange, and *Payton's* shame degrade ye

XV.
They us'd all Arts that could cajole,
You may be sure, his silly Soul;
And were those promises perform'd,
With which his conscience they had charm'd,
Who would betray a cursed Plot,
To be when dead, the Lord knows what?

XVI.
But if those jolly Promises
Do send thee into little ease,
As certainly they must undo thee,
What ever Fools and Knaves said to thee;
Then *Pblegens*-like in Hell condole,
And curse them that betray'd thy Soul.

XVII.
Now God preserve our Noble King,
And b'efs all them that thus did bring
Unto the Block that silly Head,
That car'd not what it did or said.
And all good Men may Heaven defend,
From such a vile untimely End.